

BEHIND THE DOOR.

By EDMUND DOWNEY,
Author of "A House of Tears," "Red
Post Park," Etc.

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CHAPTER XXII.

THE STRANGER.

Inspector Briggs suddenly lost all his aplomb and became as alert as a cat on the pounce. He felt in his best form. There was a mystery to be solved, work to be done, and a reasonable amount of danger to be incurred, for the burglar might be armed and desperate.

The street lamp sent sufficient light into the room, and the inspector's eyes had now grown so accustomed to the dark that he could see almost every object in the bedroom plainly.

He looked under the bed. It seemed an awkward place to plant himself, and it would leave him at the mercy of an armed man. There were two cupboards in the room both filling up spaces in the walls and both standing at right angles to the door. One of these cupboards was placed in the wall at the gable end of the house, and the bed stood between it and the door. Into this cupboard Inspector Briggs stepped, secure in the "opinion" of Detective Gorring that the visitor, if he happened to be the right person, would concern himself only with that mysterious door which had perplexed and puzzled the coroner's jury and police.

Briggs had not long to wait before he heard a sound outside the bedroom door, a sound of shuffling feet. The cupboard in which he had concealed himself had no shelves, and when the two doors were pulled to without being closed tight there was a narrow slit between the doors, and through this the police inspector could see the whole of the bed room door.

A rattle in the lock. In a few moments he would know who the villain was—the thief and who would be murderer—or was this a different species of villainy altogether? With a quick push the door was opened, and a man stepped into the room.

Briggs could get a view of only a portion of the intruder's face, and that only for a moment, as the man closed the door to quietly, the catch making a clicking sound which denoted that it was safe in its place. Then the stranger stood still, his back toward the cupboard.

A tall man, stout and with a full, dark beard. Not Steinworth, not Vickery, not Leclerc. At least not unless it was one of these in disguise.

After standing still for a moment the burglar, who wore a long brown overcoat, put his hand into one of the pockets of the overcoat and drew something out. Probably a jimmy.

"Evidently my friend is quite of opinion that he is alone in the house," reflected Briggs. "He seems in no violent hurry. Now, then, he is about to turn his face this way!"

But Inspector Briggs was wrong. The man moved slightly round, and then, lifting his hands and standing quite close to the door, he proceeded to do something with a jimmy.

Was it a jimmy? No, decided the inspector, watching the stranger's movements narrowly. It was a turner. The stranger worked with the turner for a couple of minutes. Then he went down on his knees and continued his operations on the frame of the door.

What did it mean? And why couldn't the fellow just give him one fair look at his face? It was most tantalizing. How long would he have to stand in the cupboard eying the stranger? It would never do to interrupt him now. He was evidently engaged on some job which he was certain he could accomplish easily and leisurely. He was not giving any attention to the lock of the door. But why should he? The door was now unlocked. Or was it? Perhaps that sardonic humorist, Gorring, was now outside the door turning the key slowly and quietly.



"Steinworth, by all that's good!"

A self-satisfied grin on his face. That would be capital, thought Inspector Briggs. Indeed he was so much carried away by the notion that he was very near forgetting himself and indulging in a quiet chuckle.

"What the deuce is he at now, and what prompts him to keep his full face or even half his face out of my line of vision?" wondered Briggs as the stranger rose to his feet. "He has unscrewed something—the hinges of the door. How on earth has he done that, though?"

Inspector Briggs was tantalized. Here was his prey within his grasp, and yet he must not stir. Even his breath he had to draw carefully lest he might disturb the man who was silently operating on the door.

The stranger now got the screwdriver slowly and cautiously in between the door and frame, and as quietly as if he was an engraver or a wood carver picking out a difficult bit of his work he gradually worked the back of the door toward him until the back of the door itself was wholly parted from the frame and stood in the room.

Inspector Briggs could scarcely contain himself as he saw this strange operation performed.

Then the black-bearded man put out his left hand, holding the back of the door steadily with his right hand, and put the fingers of his left hand into some grooves or opening in the door—at least so it appeared to the inspector, though he could not tell exactly what the man

was doing.

Suddenly, with a hoarse cry, the stranger fell back several paces, threw up his hands, and in a thick, gutteral voice one word fell from him:

"Gone!"

As the black-bearded man stood in the center of the room he grasped the brass knob of the bedstead with one hand to steady himself. Inspector Briggs had now the full light from the street lamp thrown on full his face. Fingering his revolver, he opened the cupboard door noblessly, sprung round by the foot of the bed, and in a firm grip was fixed upon the throat of the man who had solved the problem of the locked door.

The stranger uttered a hoarse, appalling cry as the police inspector gripped him, and his captor had to drop his revolver and use both his arms to prevent his prisoner from falling on the floor.

He pushed him toward the bed and tried to place him upon it, but the man's body felt like lead, and the Inspector could only throw the upper part of the body on the side of the bed and then grip him by the legs and lay him on the bed. He knew the man was in a fit, powerless to offer any active resistance.

A knock at the door of the room startled him.

"Shove the door back into its place," cried Detective Gorring.

Leaving the bed, Briggs pushed the door back, and a moment afterward it was opened from the outside, and the detective stood in the doorway, a lighted candle in his hand.

"The fellow has gone off in some sort of fit," said Briggs, great drops of sweat falling from his brow.

"Yes; I heard his cry, the same cry as when he fell down in the coroner's court."

"Hot Who?" asked the bewildered inspector. "For my soul, my nerves and my senses are all gone wrong for the moment."

The detective led the way quickly to the bedside.

"Tear open his collar first," said he, "and then pull off his wig and the black beard and mustache."

He held the candle on high.

"Steinworth, by all that's good!"

gasped Inspector Briggs as he followed out Gorring's instructions and stared at the helpless man on the bed.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A STRANGE CONFESSION.

It was about a quarter of an hour before Albert Steinworth had recovered sufficiently to utter an articulate sound.

In the meantime Gorring had fetched and lighted the lamp from the dining room and had drawn down the blinds of the bedroom window, while Briggs, after divesting Steinworth of two heavy overcoats which he wore inside the long brown surcoat, tried to bring the senseless man back to life.

When the two officers considered the young man was sufficiently restored, they propped him up in an easy chair, and then placing a small table in front of him, Gorring turned the lamp up to its full.

Steinworth seemed utterly nervous as he glanced slowly round the room. Then making a strong effort to pull himself together he muttered, disclosing under his mustacheless lips a set of long, white, fang-like teeth:

"I see I am trapped. You are very clever," he added after a brief pause, glancing at Detective Gorring and ignoring the imposing figure of Inspector Briggs. "It was of you I was afraid—not of the poor creatures in uniform."

"Recollect," said Inspector Briggs, with dignity, "that whatever you may say now will be taken down in evidence against you."

"I believe that is the formula," said Steinworth, grinning. "Why should I mind what I say to you now? Mr. Detective there can tell you all that has happened. He has discovered the secret of my little puzzle. It was so simple it baffled all the poor creatures who strayed about this neighborhood in uniform and all the miserable devils whom the same police select for coroners' juries. That was the reason I first confided my troubles to a policeman. Bah!"

Steinworth seemed to speak with difficulty. He was almost choked with rage—rage at being discovered, at his trick being found out. He did not trouble himself about the future. It was only the present which for the moment concerned him.

"I will give you credit, too," said Gorring, "for being a very clever young man, but you selected a bad time to commit a theft—when you were in serious money difficulties. And then corpses are extremely kittie cattle."

"That was a most unlucky accident—Mrs. Davorn's death." A convulsive shudder shook Steinworth. "It makes me almost sick to think of it. Every thing would have gone well but for that, and the idiot Vickery's confession. You are puzzled about that confession, Mr. Detective. Come," with a short, unfeigned laugh, "do not do it. If you like, I will be perfectly candid with you now. You have discovered my little secret. You have got hold of the money. What have I to hide? Indeed, it will help me as much as it will help you gentlemen and these nuttish headed jokers to let you know what did happen. I am only a poor player at trifling, whose first move has landed him into a hideous mess. I have lost everything. I have nothing now to hide, nothing to seek, thanks to you, sir, sculling at Gorring.

Steinworth now seemed an utterly different person from the volatile and somewhat slangy young man who had summoned Constable Metcalf to his assistance on the previous Thursday morning. He spoke in a guttural voice, his sentences were short, and his staccato manner of delivering them sounded strangely in the ears of the two officers of the law.

"You take it coolly," observed Gorring, "for a new hand. You are just after recovering from a fainting fit—you are all unstrung. Do you think you are wise in making a statement just now which will be used against you? Take time to consider. Give yourself a chance."

"I am quite well—quite myself again. Thank you for your caution. But you know my secret. You have the money. Perhaps the law will take into account that I have helped the injury."

"Ah! you are becoming, I see, to be a reasonable human being. You were only the mouthpiece of tape before now you are looking forward and talk-

ing sense. All right. The inspector and I will attend to you. Take your time. Don't flinch yourself."

Steinworth bit his under lip savagely with his long white teeth. Gorring's pleasant manner, his cocksureness, the fact that he had trapped him, were all biting deeply into the young man's soul, and he was about to declare he would reconsider his decision and remain silent. Then he felt that it would be better for him to speak. It would save time, and it would prevent him from lying any longer under the suspicion, which he knew still clung to him in the minds of many, of having to some way, however mysteriously, contributed to the death of Mrs. Davorn. Steinworth was an ardent coward, and as vain as he was cowardly. But his vanity did not reach to the sublime height of wishing to be regarded as a murderer or an accessory to a murder.

"Yes, I will tell you all," he said, with painful deliberation. "You will go slow, if you please," said Gorring, "for my friend and I had better help each other in taking a note of the principal part of your statement."

Inspector Briggs sat down at the table near Gorring and took out his notebook. He was a man of pen-angry. Steinworth's contemptuous reference to him and to the Olymphyd police compelled the inspector to be silent, lest if he did speak his anger might become venomous in his hand.

"What time was it you thought you heard the cry?" asked Gorring. "I could not exactly say. Probably between 12 and 1 o'clock."

"Go on. You stood listening, your door open. Well?"

"As I stood in my room, still undressed if I would chance a visit to Mrs. Davorn's room and trying to think how I might be certain she was fast asleep, I heard a noise, which started me, on the landing, and then—I was nearly dead from terror as I caught sight of it—I saw the figure of a man dressed in a white robe on the landing. Who or what it was I could not tell. I was paralyzed. The man seemed to hesitate. Then he suddenly turned and walked into my room. He wandered about a bit as if he were feeling in the darkness, and at last he got to my bed and held something over it for a few minutes. Next he wandered about the room, feeling his way with outstretched hands, and at last he got to the cupboard over there. He fumbled about in it, and at length—I can't tell how long he was in the room—he groped his way to the door. He passed quite close to me. I couldn't move a muscle to save my life, and I saw his eyes were closed. I got courage from this and fancied the man was in some kind of trance."

"Of course I now knew it was Vickery. I touched him on the shoulder, but he showed no sign of having felt me, so I plucked up sufficient courage to follow him. He stood on the landing for some minutes and then went into his own room. I still followed him. He went straight into his bed. Somehow I fancied he was on the same errand as the one I was contemplating. His idea had been to chloroform Mrs. Davorn. A capital idea for me. It would put all suspicion away from me and direct it either against Vickery or Leclerc. I was aware Vickery used chloroform and ether—he had spoken to me once about the evaporation of ether, and I had seen bottles on his mantelpiece as I passed into my own room. I now knew he was utterly unconscious, so I took the liberty of seeking for a bottle of his chloroform. I brought this into my own room, and going to my bed I found upon it a sponge, which, of course, Vickery had dropped there. I waited now for considerably over an hour, and then I saturated my sponge and stole into the next room. Vickery was snoring loudly, but fearing he might awake and disturb me I thought it would be prudent to lock his door. If I heard him fumbling at it I could have time to get back to my own room undiscovered. I then proceeded to Mrs. Davorn's room and, as I thought, chloroformed her. I had little difficulty in finding the money, and the only thing was where to hide the notes. As I left the room it occurred to me that if I wanted to throw suspicion on Leclerc it would be best to strengthen it by letting it be supposed he got in through the window. I knew he was devilish loud, and was the kind of fellow who would flounder about helplessly in a morass once he was plunged into it. I hate the cut."

"Rather a wild sort of way for a cool hand like yourself to work up a case against a rival."

"Don't you for consider that the money might have been stolen before you were locked in? That a friend might aid you in locking the door?"

"No; that did not occur to me. I have no friends of that sort."

"So you see you were not absolutely free from suspicion even if your door lock had not been discovered. Well?"

"It was some time," continued Steinworth, "before I could decide what course I would adopt. Leclerc had left the house, and I was walking up and down my room silently in the dark. After about an hour I thought I heard a queer, hoarse cry—not a loud cry, but a dull sound, with a strange terror in it. I opened my door quietly and listened intently, but I heard no further noise. The house was as still as the grave."

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"Rather a wild sort of way for a cool hand like yourself to work up a case against a rival."

(Continued on third page.)

THE ELECTRIC SUCKER.

A German's Account of a Wonderful Fish Found in the Nile.

In an article in Ueber Land and Meer on "Electrical Phenomena in the Animal World" Dr. Eicholz tells about a sucker first found in the Nile and its tributaries by modern scientists in 1881, but well known to the ancient Egyptians as the "sucker thunder god," being worshipped as such in a sucker god temple in the city of the thunder sucker, or Oryctrynchus.

The reason they called it the thunder sucker, instead of the "thunder fish," was because they knew of another fish, known to the English speaking people as the electric cat (fish), to the Germans as the zitterwelse, or the shad, that makes one tremble. It grows to a length of about a foot, of which the head and nose take up a quarter, and at the deepest part measures more than a quarter of its length.

Just why the modern scientists did not know of this fish before is a question a layman finds it hard to answer except that the sucker is a bottom fish. The old Egyptians probably learned of the animal after a Nile flood, when some philosopher was meditating over a mud puddle left by the receding water.

He saw a funny fish struggling in the water, and, out of a desire for knowledge, reached for the fish and touched it. If there were any disciples of the philosopher here by, they probably saw the philosopher not surprisingly—as the stone Indian did when he got hold of a galvanic battery. Thereafter the fish was worshipped, having a name which associated it with the "thunder god of the skies," Latin, but it is equally certain that it has reached Germany through the French "carte." This is but one instance out of many. Germany, however anxious to be free from obligations to other countries, must still borrow many words from her hereditary foe.—Contemporary Review.

A peculiar thing about the various electrical fish is that should one swim, even at a considerable distance from a human bather, the bather would know of its proximity by an "electrical sensation," while many of them have the ability to kill a horse on contact. These fish are far ahead of the human beings in the matter of weapons, "for they stun their prey at a great distance in the water."

A lantern made.

A lawyer of Biddleford, Me., is afflicted with a peculiar mania for collecting lamps of all sorts. His house is filled with every kind of a lantern he has been able to buy, including a full line of bicycle lamps. He visits Boston frequently and always brings back with him a new lot of lamps. His ermine costs him a good deal of money, and he declares that he is aware of the folly of it, but is entirely unable to resist it.

All Soups the Same to Me.

Guest (to waiter)—I can't eat this soup.

Waiter takes it away and brings another kind of soup.

Guest—I can't eat this soup.

Waiter angrily but silently for the third time brings another kind.

Guest (again)—I can't eat this soup.

Waiter, furious, calls the hotel proprietor.

THE WEEK'S NEWS.

SATURDAY, MAY 2.

Verdict of guilty in Dr. J. C. Moore trial at Nashua, N. H.—Yale scored a victory in its debate with Harvard—Senator Proctor says he did not telegraph Mr. McKinley that Vermont delegates would vote for Reed—Treasury deficit for the year only about half the amount for the preceding year—Export of gold nets in, but the reserve will probably not be carried below \$100,000—Jury in the Fournier manslaughter case at Greenfield, Mass., bring in verdict of guilty—General belief that the captured Cuban filibusters will be shot—The Shah of Persia assassinated—Flight over women delegates opened in the Methodist general conference at Cleveland—Bradstreet's reports less improvement in general trade—Atlas Tack company in the hands of receivers—Serious epidemic of mumps and measles in Costa Rica—Elevated railroad iron workers in Chicago strike—Felix Quincampoix, a notorious conspirator, in the hands of the Nicaraguan government—Indications of a big strike of ice handlers in New York, and prospect of an ice famine—Shovel trust to advance prices—Fool growing scarce in Bulawayo—Sons of Revolution societies may unite—The Pacific record broken by the steamship Dore—Denver sent food and money to the Cripple Creek sufferers—The Rothschilds bought a second quarter of the American copper mine for \$10,000,000—Steel trust absorbs the Ohio steel works—St. Louis and San Francisco road to be sold by auction for default of interest payments—Colonel Alex Biles, steppson and formerly secretary of Bancroft, the historian, died in Washington—Ten thousand people met in New Orleans and demanded a recount of the vote, claiming that the Democrats stole the state by fraud.

SUNDAY, MAY 3.

Chicago Judge declared that bucket-hops are as legitimate as the Board of Trade—Ballington Booth transferred Salvation Army property in New York to the new commander—Big tract of woodland in Plymouth, Mass., destroyed by fire—Dervishes put to flight by British cavalry and Soudanese troops at Khor—Assassin of the late Shah a member of a secret band of religious fanatics—Lake Fuller the dancer, seriously sick—Coroner found that Giovanni Quaranta, whose body was found in pond at Providence, was murdered—Harvard won the intercollegiate fencing championship—Ornament won the Kentucky futurity stake—United States Senator Hale's residence at Ellsworth, Me., burned—New site of Columbia college dedicated with imposing ceremonies—Factory and seven dwellings burned in San Francisco—Levi M. Fournier of Montague, Mass., acquitted of wife-murder—Colonel Fred Grant reappointed police commissioners of New York—Fire in Smith's block, Laramie, N. H., caused loss of \$200—At South Norwalk, Me., Benjamin Tompkins, 73, killed by falling from an apple tree—Bulawayo reported to be quiet—Alfred Jay qualified as receiver for the New York Times, furnishing a bond for \$40,000.

MONDAY, MAY 4.

Dedication of the new Tremont Temple Baptist church at Boston—Shortage of Concord (N. H.) tax collector larger than supposed—Incendiary fire in Cambridge, Mass., caused loss of \$2500—Prospects indicate sound money platform and candidates at Chicago—Belief that McKinley instructions may yet be prevented in Indiana—Manley says the presidential contest is not yet settled—General Maximo Gomez begins his march for the western part of Cuba—Germany to send an important diplomat to Pretoria—The Italian major, Salsi, released by King Menelik—Mozofer-Ed-Dine enthroned at Tabriz, Persia—Sultan in a state of terror over Shah's assassination—Chief Consul Hichborn of the Marine division, L. A. W., to resign—William H. Davis, the veteran reformer, dead—Sealer Harvest Home wrecked on Prince Edward Island—Death of Commander Felix McCurley, U.S.N.—Caspar Whitney declined in favor of Harvard in the football dispute with Pennsylvania—George S. Cole, well-known banker and student of finance of New York, dead—Death of Captain John M. Fiske, master of the house of correction, Cambridge, Mass.—Street railway employees in Milwaukee ordered a strike—Tract 26 miles long and half a mile wide burned over in Plymouth, Mass.—Six horses suffocated in a Fall River (Mass.) fire—Fire in Hyde Park (Mass.) caused loss of \$3000—Six hundred cigarmakers to go on strike in New York—Movement in New Jersey for the renomination of President Cleveland—The A. P. A. advisory board issued another circular against McKinley—Union bolting and portable engineers of Boston to strike—Cambridge, Mass., incorporated a city 50 years ago today—Prisoner escaped from South Boston house of correction—Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott declares himself a theistic evolutionist—Rev. Nehemiah Boyton of the Union Congregational church, Boston, preached his farewell sermon—Rev. Florence E. Kollack preached her farewell sermon in the Every-Day church, Boston.

TUESDAY, MAY 5.

Conservative estimate shows silver melt to be in a minority in Democratic national convention—in Clayton, Mass., Edgar C. Plant killed his wife and child, and then himself—Six lives lost by an explosion in Cincinnati—Gould and Sage submit plans for extension of New York elevated roads—Man convicted of stealing from the Carson mint got a sentence of eight years—Another incendiary fire in Cambridge, Mass.—Opening of the electrical exposition in New York city—One hundredth anniversary of the birth of Horace Mann observed in Boston and elsewhere—Harvard class crew won by the freshmen—Ex-Speaker Alford of Iowa house of representatives tried to kill himself—Battle in Methodist conference over admission of women delegates begun—Reveler appointed for New York Mining Exchange—Mrs. Stanford paid \$20,000 to the Leander Stanford, Jr., university—Official reports show that insurance companies in New York prospered in 1895—Representative Sperry of Connecticut intends to push his "postoffice clerks" bill—Striking Italians seem to control the Ocean City branch of the South Jersey railroad—War department considers the Hudson river palisades useless from a military point of view—Mrs. Stetson, widow of John Stetson, the well-known theatrical manager, died at Boston—Chicago freight men busily doing subpoenas calling for their testimony in the Interstate commerce case.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 6.

In court at Belfast, Me., Horace Vinal testified that he falsely accused his father of murder—General Garrison promised the anti-McKinley nomination if he will prevent instructions in Indiana—Disintegration of the Central Vermont railroad begun—Mrs. Ellen Dally of South Windham, Me., sentenced to life imprisonment for murder

ing her daughter's child—McKinley managers endeavoring to induce Morton, Quay and Bradley to withdraw from New London, Conn., celebrating the 250th anniversary of the founding of the city—Repulse of Cuban rebel bands in an attack upon the town of Guanajay—Kansas likely to return Ingalls to the scene—Members of a Philadelphia firm disappeared, leaving behind a shortage of \$300,000 to \$400,000—Schooner Frank and frayed damaged in a collision off Highland Light—Hoisting and portable engineers out of strike in Boston, confident of success—Annual tournament of New England States Veteran Firemen's league to be held in New Bedford, Mass., Aug. 12—Mayor Edgar F. Hanson of Belfast will be the Democratic candidate for governor of Maine—Honor that an attempt will be made to secure additional indictments against Dr. Moore—Alvin L. Foster sentenced to nine years in New Hampshire state prison for embezzlement—Speaker Reed will not accept renomination to congress—Three thieves escaped from two police men at Nashua, N. H.—Austin Corbin will stock a New York park with buffaloes—John T. North, the ultra king, died in England—Great Britain and Canada agree on the details of a fast Atlantic service—Artificial ice companies and natural ice companies will fight one another this season—Mrs. Langtry received \$50,000 from a London bank in which her jewels, now missing, were stored—Police Commissioner Roosevelt offered to fight Comptroller Pitch of New York with pistols or any other weapon.

THURSDAY, MAY 7.

B. A. A. Olympic team arrived in New York—Young Horace Vinal arrested at Belfast, Me., and held, with his father, on the charge of murder—Methodist general conference voted to recommit both majority and minority reports on the woman question—The national house adopted a resolution for adjournment May 18—Civil service classification extended to nearly 30,000 new places—Cecil Rhodes has not placed himself in Mr. Chamberlain's hands—Murderer Holmes hanged at Philadelphia—New officials of National union of textile workers declare themselves as socialists—Funeral of Mrs. Katherine Stokes Stetson in New York city—California Republicans for silver and McKinley—Chicago has not kept its pledge, and the Democratic convention may be held elsewhere—Schooner Daniel B. Fearing, astore of Wellfleet, Mass., rapidly breaking up—Plan of insanity accepted in case of Sylvester C. Tandy at Concord, N. H.—Great celebration at New London, Conn., of the city's 250th anniversary—Judge Stevens says A. P. A. charges against McKinley are all substantiated by sworn affidavits—Plum-grove cultivation plan to be tried at Boston again this year—A hundred men precipitated into a cellar by the fall of a floor at an auction at Merrimac, Mass.—Dr. Lueger will not be burglarized of Venna—Vessel Daniel B. Fearing wrecked at Cañoon's Hollow—Bureau of horse inspection may be established in this country—Relief from drought to St. Isidro—American Trailing society (lunited), New York, in the hands of a receiver—Spanish Liberals will formulate a policy of protest against continuance of the war in Cuba—Rev. (Miss) man and his wife got verdicts for \$10,000 damages against the Lynn and Boston Railroad company for injuries received by the wife in a car collision.

FRIDAY, MAY 8.

Victorious athletes who participated in the Olympic games given a royal welcome upon their return to Boston—Car overturned, two men killed and several injured at Boston—Indiana declares for McKinley—The national senate voted, 51 to 6, to investigate the bond issues of the present administration—Compromise on the admission of women delegates at session of Methodist general conference in Cleveland—Attempt to wreck the Atlanta express train at Dean's Pond, N. J.—Senator Frye's bill for protection of American yacht builders favorably reported by a senate committee—Brigade trains collided near Newburyport, Mass.—Dr. W. N. Coughen of Waltham, Mass., criticizes sharply the management of the Waltham hospital—McCay defeated Daly in a short fight in New York—A \$2,000,000 claim against the estate of the late Commodore Vanderbilt—Actor Sloan assaulted Theatrical Manager Rice—Death of Cardinal Luigi Giannini—Mr. Chamberlain has received no communication from Cecil Rhodes—John Hays Hammond's wife pleads with President Kruger—Order appropriating \$300,000 for sanitary improvement of Boston schoolhouses failed to pass the common council—Boston to have an infants' hospital at Rainsford Island—Woman acquitted of murder to be used as political mascot at Richmond—Bodies of two young men, drowned at Lawrence, Mass., patriots' day, found—Hon. S. W. Holman of Hillsboro, N. H., seeks Republican congressional nomination—Hanging of Holmes, the murderer—Chester W. Cross, formerly teller of the Palmer (Mass.) National bank, arrested—Margaret Bowen of Chilcoot Falls, Mass., is 121 years of age—James L. Waterbury, who was president of the Cordage trust, in court says he is dependent on his wife for support—Manager Burns of the Springfield baseball team married—The cargo of coal was fully insured—will purchase The Sun building—Kurds blamed for the present outrages against Armenians—Authority given for the building of the Woburn and Reading (Mass.) street railway—Elliott Skinner, a Waltham (Mass.) barber, fined \$25 for not shaving a colored man—Second British Blue Book on the Venezuelan matter will be ready May 13—Henry S. Adams, cashier and accountant at the Boston post office, completed 50 years of service in the post office department—Secretary Carlisle urges the senate to hold to the deficiency estimate of \$1,15,000, and to appropriate the same for the customs department—Roundhouses and 12 locomotives belonging to the Green and Crescent Railroad company at Somerset, Ky., destroyed by fire; loss, \$76,000.

Sticking to Pinkham.

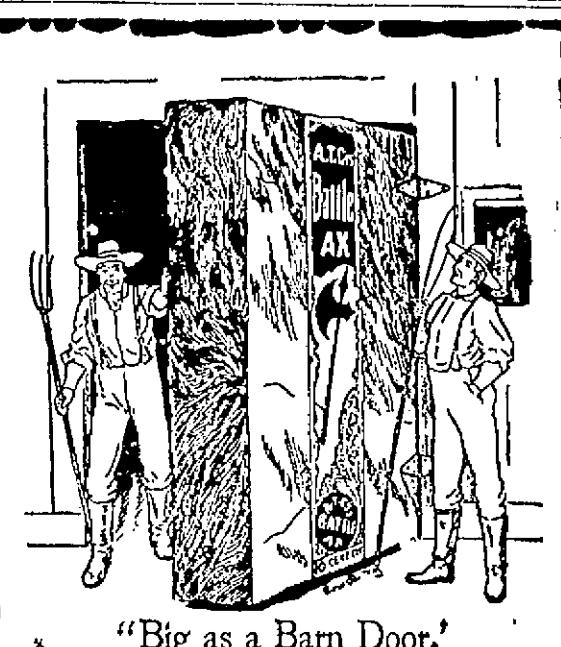
Newburyport, Mass., May 8.—Five hundred shoemakers, employed at the factory of Dodge Bros., struck yesterday, because of the discharge of an employee named Pinkham, last month. At the time of Pinkham's discharge, the firm explained that he was an incompetent workman. Several of the leading union men charge the firm with dismissing Pinkham solely because he took a prominent part in union affairs.

A Double Funeral.

Franklin, Mass., May 8.—The body of Frank Feeley, who was swept over the dam on Patriots' day, with Herbert Kennedy, was found yesterday at his sister Mary, lodged in a tree, at Gage's Ferry, North Andover. Miss Feeley has been watching the river for the body since the accident. Kennedy's body, which was found at West Newbury, Wednesday, has been brought here, and both funerals occurred today.

Whalebone For Uniforms.

New Bedford, Mass., May 7.—All the old whale boats that could be found in the vicinity were yesterday sold by John McCullough, a whaling merchant, to a New Yorker, reported to be an agent for the Cuban junta. The boats were shipped for New York last night.



"Big as a Barn Door."

Battle Ax

For 5 cents you get almost as much "Battle Ax" as you do of other high grade goods for 10 cents. Before the days of "Battle Ax" consumers paid 10 cents for same quality. Now, "Battle Ax"—Highest Grade, 5 cents. That's true economy.

MADE FALSE ENTRY

Alleged Crime For Which Chester Cross Is Arrested.

Was Teller of National Bank at Palmer, Discharged For Keeping Bad Company and Errors Were Found.

Palmer, Mass., May 8.—The arrest of Chester W. Cross, former teller of the Palmer National bank, yesterday afternoon, has created much surprise. Cross is a young man, who has lived in Palmer since he was a small boy, and had the confidence of the people. He had been employed in the bank for several years, first as a clerk, doing work for both the Palmer Savings and Palmer National banks. His work was satisfactory, and at the resignation of N. W. Chandler, teller of the National bank, somewhat over a year ago, Cross was promoted to his position.

This he filled in a satisfactory manner, but frequent complaints were made to the bank officials that his habits were not of the best. He was said to associate with people of dissolute character. His salary was small and many feared that he could not keep the pace they set. Investigations of Cross' character were made and Cross was discharged. His accounts seemed all right, and no suspicion of them being otherwise was at that time entertained.

The bank carried several accounts which were not often balanced, and in looking over one of these a few days ago, as is alleged, a false entry was found. A check is said to have been charged against the account, and it was thought the money had been drawn by Cross.

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Poetry.

Inspirator.

BY HUNTINGTON GREENE.

She crossed my path in silence, yet

Unto this soul of mine

Her harmony of motion spoke

Like music half divine.

She followed with her radiant glance,

From eyes so clear as day,

What'er she saw, and sin and bright

And sorrow passed away.

She laughed; I heard the waters run

And sparkle in their glee;

She wept; I felt how infinite

All sorceries may be.

I saw the purity and light,

That, by the grace

Of passion, holy it seems,

Revealed in her face.

In her chaste silence she withholds

Naught that my spirit needs;

Let other spirits be the more

Than eloquent or duteous.

From the Spanish.

Selected Tale.

A CHANGE OF HEART.

BY SARAH ORINE JEWETT.

Sally Martin sat by her favorite kitchen window, sowing a little and looking off over the sunny spring fields. All winter through the bare trees she could see the next house farther down the hill, but now the budding orchard had suddenly made a black screen. After many defeated glances, neighborly she was too conscious of being cut off from companionship and social pleasure, and folded up the blue gingham apron which she had been hemming, and took the shawl from the nail behind the door. There was a look of anticipation on her face; she had evidently found herself dull company for once. She brought a deep wicker basket, brown with age, from a closet, and going down, cellar filled it with tasseled apples, and then locked the door after her and went her way.

The grass was green by the roadside, and she walked in the foot, sit at its edge, feeling the ground under foot with much pleasure and stopping once to look at some bluebirds in a maple tree. One always feels young again with the spring, and this year the snow and mud had lingered late and kept her much indoors.

Sally Martin had not much to look forward to except continued poverty and anxiety, but she was one of the persons who have imagination, that on-charter's wane, which would keep her satisfied with life except for one regret which could never be quite put behind her or forgotten.

It was the day for youth and pleasure and when she was out in the open air her face grew serene and childlike; she stopped to listen to the blackbirds and watched their pretty colors in the gray branches, then she walked on down the hill with her golden russets. The wide-spread lower country and the hill beyond it were blue with the soft spring haze. Her neighbor's house stood not far away, at a little distance from the road, and the narrow lane into which she soon turned was prettier than ever that spring, with its sheltering turf as soft as velvet, and an early dandelion or two abiding against the fence. The old apple trees leaned their long boughs over it so that they almost met, and in later summer they would be hung thick with wisps of hay and straw from the high-hedged loads that went into the barn. This was a huge building like an unwieldy elephant in the landscape, while the house was low and small, with a tiny, pointed porch and a door that had three panes of glass at top. When you stood in the entry within you could scarcely get room to shut the door behind you, and were at close quarters with an old colored woad out of Gen. Washington, which greeted strangers with an impartial air of dignity. On the right another door opened into the Bascoms' living room, which surprised them so small a house with its size and cheerfulness. The windows looked both north and south, and there were plenty of bright braided rugs on the clean floor.

I saw you comin' up the lane, Sally, and I don't know whenever I was more pleased," said Mrs. Bascom, who was a lame woman and could not rise to greet her friends except in spirit. "Now bring that little rocking chair right over close to me, and let's have a good talk. It's so pretty looking out of my window. I'm all alone; the folks have gone to the village, shoppin'. David found his old plough wouldn't do him this year, and Cynthia's always ready and willin', so they started right off after an early dinner. I'm braidin' up my rags, as usual; I could t'rn out to do anything else just because I feel so busy. There's everything to be done this time of year, ain't there?"

I walked up feelin' all of a bustle, too, and I soon came down to hemmin', me a blue gingham apron that I don't need one bit," confessed Sally. "I expect it's the spring workin' in us, though there ain't no leaves to show for it. I guess the trees themselves must feel just the same."

The two good women smiled and Sally reached over and took a handful of dark woolen strips and began to braid in company.

"I brought you folks some of my apples," she said presently. "I'm on the last barrel, but they never went over this time of year. They'll be right away quick as you bring 'em up from the cellar, but you shall have more as long as they last."

"I got along all right," insisted Sally, with dangerous spirit, then she softened again. "You see how it is, Mrs. Bascom, it's too late now and we've got to learn it as it is. I expect it's poor old grandfather's sickness as you say." Her face was pathetic and childlike as she spoke. "You're always real good."

"Well, I don't know it's he," said the plaid old friend. "I've had very hard feelings about being laid on the shelf too early, while I was full of spirit to work, and we'd just built that great barn and had all our plans about runnin' a creamery. The farm's so good for grazin' and 'ould been easier for my husband, but Cynthia's 'ntable to continue without me. I never complain, but in a few years we should have been forehandied and paid what we owed, instead of only adding to it." She looked out across the green yard at the barn, the building of which had proved to be such a mistake, and sighed: "I'm going to tell you too, that we weren't married very young ourselves, Mr. Bascom and I, and 'we'd partake of many a little gossip of the sea you only get right there, and he couldn't bear to set his house anywhere else. Three sides of the cellar is sand rock; I don't know you remember, it's so many years since you was able to get down."

"I recall all those things I used to be in the habit of seeing as if it were yesterday," said Mrs. Bascom. "I find my thoughts much more company than I don't miss gold" about as much as everybody expects. Everybody knows just where to find 'em, and so they come

"The New Boss makes his biscuits with

PURE, STRONG, RELIABLE.

Is the verdict arrived at by

Chemical Analysis of

BOSS BAKING POWDER

Economy, Health and Satisfactory

Results attend its use.

Baked by

C. D. BOSS & SON, New London, Conn.

to me; folks like to feel a certainty when they make some effort to come." "I don't know but what I should have been disappointed pretty bad to-day myself," said Sally. "I seemed to miss seeing the house as I sat there to my window sowing. The trees and bushes have budded out amazin' since yesterday. I kind of missed you and felt lonesome. I expect I can see the lower light for some nights yet, till the leaves really come, and Cynthia's light I can see all the year round in her window upstairs. I can't see to go to bed till she does," and they both laughed.

"You and Cynthia used to make signals when you was girls, don't you remember warnin' things and makin' your laughs?"

"There's kind of convenient, really.

We used to go havin' our plots together, and we had ways of asking things and answerin' them, I used to forget a good deal of it now," explained Sally.

"You're just as much of a girl as ever you were," said the elder woman looking up with an affectionate and appreciative smile.

"Well, I did feel as if I wanted to stop and make a dam by the side of the road there where the water runs out under the stone wall," said Sally smiling in her torn.

"Spring is spring, ain't it? Always just as now every year," Mrs. Bascom gave a long look out across the lovely April country. "Suddenly her expression changed. "Why, I can see the gables of Isaac Bolton's new house. I knew he was raising yesterday, but I never thought to look. There over the knoll to the right of the woods, you can just see the top of it."

"Why, yes," said Sally, looking eagerly and then going back to her rocking chair again. She was blushing, and her eyes looked very bright. She seemed to make an effort to speak, but no words came.

Mrs. Bascom also made an effort to look away for some time, and pretended to be busy with her work. At last she laid her hands in her lap.

"Sally," she asked, as another might speak to her child, "don't you really think you are foolish? I feel as if you were most as near to me as my own Cynthia; truth is I can say things right out to you sometimes that I can't to her, much as I love her. Isaac's a good man and faithful; I don't know what he's building that house for, but I don't believe he'll ever want anybody for his wife but you."

"I heard he was engaged to be married to somebody in Poughkeepsie," answered Sally, stillly, but with no resentment. "I haven't seen him to speak with him for eight months—not since last August when I happened to meet him here in the yard."

"You done very wrong then, Sally, my dear," said Mrs. Bascom with dignity. "He was glad of the chance to see you and all ready to be friendly, and you passed him right by after you said: "How do you do?" an' something about the weather. I set right here where I be now, an' I see his face work like a child that has a real task to keep from cryin'. All these years now you'll hold on to that grudge, an' 'twas all foolishness. Your Gran'ther Walker's narrow stubbornness keeps you from givin' in, while he's made every effort he could. Sometimes I've thought you didn't love him, an' he was better off to let you have your way about it, but truth is, you're denyin' yourself go through the world without happiness, rather than feel you was the one to give it."

"It's all true," said Sally humbly. "I've tried to boat down that hard feelin', but I can't, Mrs. Bascom. I owe up to you as if you was my own mother; somethin' freshes right up in me, I wish folks hadn't made such a talk about it." She covered her face with her hands and began to cry.

"There, there, dear; 'twill all come right out of this day," said Mrs. Bascom, soothingly. "I never meant to work you all up just as we was havin' such a pleasant visit together."

"Somewhat or 'other I'm so contented livin' just as I be, if it only wa'n't for that," said Sally drying her eyes, but not changing the subject. "I never could think of anybody else as I have of Isaac. I've wished you would a good many times."

"You know Isaac an' Cynthia used to be good times together when he was still livin' hero!"—Mrs. Bascom braided away intent and did not look at her spouse— "an' since all this has happened, he's often talked to me very free and said it troubled him to know you had so little mousin' while he was well off, and you with my brother to look after you in winter time, an' all that."

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Recipes for the Table.

POTATOES AND BEEF.—To boiled and mashed potatoes add some milk, butter and a well-beaten egg. Place a layer of the potatoes on a buttered pudding dish, then a layer of minced lean beef (cooked), sprinkled with pepper and salt, and repeat layers till dish is full, leaving a layer of potato on top dotted with bits of butter. Bake till a light brown.

VANILLA EXTRACT.—Vanilla extract must be made from the capsule of the true vanilla, the wonderful orchid of South America, not from the common vanilla bean from which so much of the vanilla extract of commerce is prepared. Chop the vanilla bean and fill the bottle one-quarter full. Then fill it with alcohol and let it stand six months shaking it.

OATMEAL CROQUETTES.—Take twenty-five good fat oysters with one gill of cream, one tablespoonful of butter, two tablespoonfuls of flour, add one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, the yolks of two eggs, a quarter of a grated nutmeg, with salt and cayenne to taste. Put the oysters on to boil in their own liquor, boil and stir constantly for five minutes. Take them from the fire and drain. Chop the oysters very fine. Now put into a saucepan one gill of this liquid, and the cream. Put together the butter and flour. Add this and the oysters to the boiling liquid, and cream and stir until the oysters are well incorporated. Then add the yolks, salt, cayenne and nutmeg, mix well and turn out to cool. When cold, form into cylinders, roll first into beaten egg, then bread crumbs, and fry in boiling oil or fat.

EGGS AU GRATIN.—Mix two ounces of bread crumbs, a tablespoonful of butter, a pinch each of pepper, salt and nutmeg, and the yolks of three eggs. Stir all well together, and spread over a well-buttered plio plate. Set in the oven; when it begins to color remove from the oven, and carefully break on top eight eggs; sprinkle over them some grated Parmesan cheese. Return to the oven just long enough to set the eggs, then serve.

GOVYISH WINE COOKS.—Free a pound of salt cod from bones and skin; wash and tear into small pieces; let it stand over light in cold water to just cover, and in the morning cover with fresh water and let it beat well, but never come to a boil; when fresh enough, drain, pick in bits and heat in a plio of oysters. Meanwhile cover one egg for each person with boiling water, and place where they will keep hot, but not boil, for ten minutes; pour off the hot water, turn on the cold and remove the shells. Put the fish and sauce on a dish, lay the eggs on, garnish each with sprigs of parsley or sprinkle a little minced parsley over the whole.

Household Fancy Work.

POPULAR EMBROIDERY.

Dresden embroidery is coming in again, and it is really very delicate and pretty. The chain of our grandmother was covered with little bouquets and bunches of flowers; from this comes the Dresden

Miscellaneous.

R. W. CURRY,
Contractor & Builder.

JOBING

Of all kinds promptly done at reasonable rates.

Estimates given on all work when desired.

CARPENTER SHOP—71 MILLSTREET

RESIDENCE—HOFFMAN PLACE.

6-18

Furniture.
OLD OAK
Chamber Set,
Wire Springs
AND
SOFT TOP MATTRESS,
for \$25.00,
—AT—
BRYER'S.
PACKING.
WE PACKHERBS.
All kinds of herbs in general use are kept on sale at theEnterprise Store,
No. 64 Thames St.,

In

quantities from one ounce upwards, and

any will be procured at short notice.

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Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Govt Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

MIDDLETOWN

During the past week there have been two extra meetings of the Town Council. On Monday at 4 p.m., a meeting was held at the Town Hall, when the bids for carting and appraising crushed stone 4,780 feet of the East Main road on Baffay's Hill, and to all of the West Main road, extending from Newport Hill to William Baffay's entrance to his homestead, were opened. Only three parties sent in proposals, and these were J. Overton Peckham and George W. Thurston of Middletown and James Corrigan of Newport. The bids gave the price per ton for furnishing the stone in place and ran as follows: On the East Main road, James Corrigan, \$1.72 per ton; George W. Thurston, \$1.76; J. Overton Peckham, \$1.80, and James Corrigan being the lowest bidder was awarded the contract, and Michael F. Shea of Newport accepted as surety on his bond.

On the West Main road, George W. Thurston, \$1.76 per ton; James Corrigan, \$1.82; J. Overton Peckham, \$1.90. George W. Thurston was the lowest bidder, but there being doubt as to whether he was of lawful age and out of his minority, the award made to him was made on condition that he was competent to execute a contract with the town. Afterwards it was ascertained that Thurston was still a minor, and at a special meeting of the Town Council held at the Town Clerk's office on Wednesday evening, it was voted to revoke the award to Thurston and James Corrigan being the next lowest bidder was given the contract.

BLOCK ISLAND

John P. Champlin, first warden of the town of New Shoreham, and ex-officio President of the Town Council and Trial Justice, died at his home here Saturday, April 23d, of cancer of the liver. Mr. Champlin was the only son of Christopher E. and Rosina Peacock Champlin, and was born Dec. 16, 1837. He married, soon after he attained his majority, Lydia M., daughter of late William M. Rose, for many years Town Clerk and mail contractor here. Mr. Champlin was a man of strong individuality, high character, unusual natural abilities, and excellent judgment. He had been prominent in town affairs for a long time, and had been elected First Warden of the town for thirteen consecutive years. His knowledge of statute law as it is in this state, was unusually comprehensive and exact, and he has been the means of settling peacefully many disputes that were carried before him for adjudication. He

HAMMOCKS!

Hammocks! Hammocks!

The Largest Assortment in Newport.

25 DIFFERENT STYLES TO SELECT FROM.

Palmer's Patent Hammocks.

Mexican Hammocks,

Canvas Hammocks,

Perfection Hammocks,

IN ALL SIZES AND COLORS.

For 39c, 59c, 73c, 95c, \$1.23, \$1.49, \$1.73, \$1.90, \$2.30, \$2.57, \$2.60, \$3.00, \$3.35, \$3.50, \$3.95, \$4.75, \$5.00, \$6.00, \$6.50, up.

Come in and see them and compare the prices with any you might find elsewhere and you will find, as usual,

We are the Cheapest,

—AT—

A. C. LANDERS',

167 Thames Street, Covell's Block,

HEADQUARTERS FOR SUMMER GOODS.

TAKE IT HOME

TO YOURSELF.

Does anybody go into a clothing store, put down \$10 or \$20, and say, "Give me a suit for that money?" Of course they don't. First, the goods—next the dollars.

We advertise just to make you acquainted with the kind of clothing we sell. After you have seen the styles of one of our suits, and notice the linings, examine the making; you have something to size up the price with then.

Look at our Spring Covert Overcoats for \$10, then the \$14 ones. We'll risk but what the price will please you.

We sell Suits made by men tailors at \$15, \$20 and \$25. They are good enough for the richest man if he's not extravagant.

Our clothing would please nine men out of ten, if not the whole ten. It's the kind your tailor makes to your measure; the only difference,—ours cost you one-third less.

Newport One Price Clothing Co.

Leading Clothiers, Hatters and Furshers,

208 Thames Street. 208

New Raisins, 5c lb.

New California Prunes, 10 & 13c lb.

New Pigs, New Buckwheat.

Strained Honey in "Hero" Preserve

Jars, 25c lb.

Welsh Rarebit.

Our new Canned Goods have arrived. Price and quality serve to please. Excellent Beef, shaved to order.

S. S. THOMPSON,
172 & 176 BROADWAY.

has been clerk of the school committee for many years and was president of the New Harbor commission on the part of the town. There is a singular coincidence in the fact that he and Hon. Robert Thompson of Wakefield, R. I., one of the commissioners on the part of the state, died at about the same time. His loss as a citizen will be deeply regretted, and his place will not easily be supplied.

He leaves a widow and three sons, Hon. Christopher E., state senator, Dr. John C., resident physician, both graduates of Boston University, the former of the law school, the latter, of the medicine school, and William R., a member of the senior class in the Providence High School.

The funeral was held at the Central church Tuesday, April 28th, at 2 p.m. The day was beautiful and the casket was literally packed by people from every part of the island. Flags were flying at half mast from the Town Hall, just across the street from the church, and from the school houses. The services were conducted by Rev. Mr. Fuller, late of Lowell, Mass., who has been called to the pastorate of the First Baptist Church here, assisted by Rev. Mr. Dean of the First Baptist church, who made the closing prayer. The singing was by a quartette composed of Dr. F. B. Husted, bass, Miss Nottie M. Dodge and Mrs. H. A. Mott, soprano, and Miss Fannie E. Perry, alto, while Mrs. Husted presided at the organ. After the close of the services the procession was formed in front of the church, the town officers filing in immediately behind the near relatives, a large number of the town's people also following the body to the Island Cemetery, where it rests in a receding vault.

Mr. Bouj. F. Gardner, who has been first officer of the steamer Geo. W. Danielson since she was built and came on the mail route between here and Newport, in June, 1880, and who has recently resigned his position to accept one with the Providence Fall River and Newport & H. C. Co., left here with his family last month. Mr. Gardner began his new duties the first of May, and everybody here, while regretting to lose him as a citizen, wishes him every success in his new sphere. Mr. Gardner has, for several years, been a member of the school committee and the trustee in District No. 6. He resides on the Newell road where he owns one of the prettiest cottages on the island. He is not only an exceedingly capable and efficient steamboat officer, but a most genial and accommodating man, and is highly respected citizen. The writer is but one of many who are glad to testify to his willingness in all and all times to put himself out of the way to accommodate others.

LITTLE COMPTON.

At the usual monthly meeting of the Court of Probate and Town Council the business transactions were notices ordered on the first and final account of Pardon G. Brownell on the estate of Mary O. Wilbur; on account of Elizabeth Gifford administrator on the estate of Franklin Gifford; on the account of Julie P. Slocum executrix on the estate of Dorcas Wilbur. Bills allowed and orders for payment given as follows: Martin Decker, keeper of the Town Asylum, \$24; Overseers of the poor, \$24; John F. Pierce, Surveyor, \$6.40; J. M. Pierce, Surveyor, \$29.75; Thomas E. White, Surveyor, \$9.75; A. Korman & Co., \$1.25; Janitor, \$9.60.

Little Compton Grange held its regular meeting Wednesday evening, when the 1st and 2d degrees were conferred on a class of seven. The lecturer's hour was occupied with the discussion, "Our Grange what should be the nature of the Grange work during lecturer's hour?" As this subject was of vast importance to the success of a grange, there was much interest manifested in the discussion.

Mr. Charles Howland is seriously ill with pneumonia.

TIVERTON.

At a meeting of the town Council and Court of Probate the business transactions were: Edwin B. Ridge, James Gillan, James Cahill and Horace F. Rounds were appointed Police Constable. Applications for Honor Licenses were made by Francis W. McKenzie, John Simpson and Felix Owens.

Voted that licensed liquor shops must be closed during the time between 11 p.m. and 6 a.m. Annual account of Andrew Sawyer guardian of William Sawyer received allowed and ordered recorded. Will of Andrew White probated, approved and ordered recorded. Executrix Louisa L. Hart notice ordered on petition of Harriet O. Manchester to be appointed guardian of the persons of Susan A. and Mary J. Manchester both of Tiverton, and that C. Frank Seabury be appointed guardian of their estate. The bond of Otis L. Simmons administrator on the estate of Nancy Simmons fixed at \$100.

The estate of Samuel E. Amy, (John Wardell administrator) rendered insolvent, Philip S. Grinnell, 2nd, Edison Grinnell and Henry G. Douglas appointed commissioners on the estate of Samuel E. Amy to receive and examine claims against said estate, six months being allowed for the purpose.

Time extended to C. Frank Seabury, distributor of their estate, of Elizabeth Seabury, to settle the estate to January 1st, 1890.

Statement received by the heirs of Capt. Christopher White that the valuation of personal property is \$1800.

The Spring Session of the local Board of Trade Union of Y. P. S. C. B. will be held at Wicksville May 19th, 1896. The programme for the occasion will be Prizes Services led by Rev. J. M. Lewis; Domestic Service Mrs. N. C. Brownell; Address, Advance Thinking via Dooley, Rev. G. H. Perry, following by Dooley, Rev.

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Leading Clothiers, Hatters and Furshers,

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